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PROFESSIONAL.

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J. Q. WILBAR,
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Offers his professional services
to the people of Mitchell,
Watauga and adjoining coun-
ties. *No bad material used
and all work guaranteed.*
May 11 y.

J. F. Morphew. E. S. Blackburn
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MORPHEW & BLACKBURN
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Will practice in the courts
of Ashe, Watauga and Mitchell
counties, also in the Fed-
eral courts of the Dist. and
Supreme Court of the State.
Collection of claims solicited.
April, 10.

Notice.
For sale, 900 acres of land,
on Rich Mountain, Watauga
County, on which is asbestos,
and fine land for sheep ranch.
Sales private. L. D. Lowe &
J. T. Furgeson, Ex'rs. of
Mrs. A. P. Calloway, decd.
Banner Elk, Nov. 15 '90.

Money to loan.
Persons wishing to bor-
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it by mortgage on good real
estate, can be accommodated
by applying to
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4. 24.

NOTICE!
I am just receiving a new
stock of goods bought for
cash down and will sell for
strictly pay down, at prices
to live and let live. You will
do well to call and examine
my goods consisting of boots,
shoes, dry goods, notions,
&c. Yours truly,
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Banner, N. C.

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This Institution of learning is
situated in one of the most pictur-
esque and hospitable sections of
the State, and rare opportunities
are here offered for a practical,
and cheap education. The school
now has an enrollment of over
100 pupils. Latin, French, and
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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Senator Ingalls is making the effort of his life to get Mr. Harrison snubbed by the republican Senate, and to get even with an old personal enemy at the same time, by getting the nomination of Representative Anderson, of Kansas, to be Consul-General to Egypt, which Mr. Harrison sent to the Senate with that of Senator Blair to be minister to China, rejected, or "hung up", which would keep Anderson out of the office until next December.

If an extra session is to be avoided Congress will have to crowd more business into these three last days than it has ever done before, for everything is in a very much mixed and backward condition at this writing, and it would certainly cause no surprise here should several of the regular appropriation bills fail to get through.

There would have been no probability of failing to pass the appropriation bills if the republicans in the House had not voted to spend two days on the Shipping bills, and if they were not constantly trying to leave the appropriation bills for the purpose of pushing through something to help the decrepit old republican party. Representative Cannon had the sublime impudence to make the threat that unless the democrats would vote for the suspension of the rules so as to allow the majority to pass such legislation as it might see fit, the majority would lay aside the appropriation bills and proceed under the rules to dispose of such business as it might believe ought to be passed.

The shipping bill in which the lobby was mostly interested, the one granting a tonnage subsidy to all American vessels engaged in trade with foreign countries, was defeated in the House, and the least objectionable bill, that authorizing the granting of subsidies to steam vessels, in the guise of payments for carrying United States mail, was passed, with an amendment reducing the amount to be so paid. In principle one of these bills is just as objectionable as the other, but I call the one that passed the least objectionable, because it will require a great deal less money—no body could tell how much the other one would have taken had it become a law.

Through the machinations of that enterprising lobbyist, ex-Senator Mahone, all present hope of a new Government printing office in place of the tumbledown structure now used as such, has gone glimmering, and it is much to be regretted that two such eminent democrats as Senators Gorman and Butler should have allowed themselves to be used as instruments for the accomplishment of Mahone's purpose. Finding it impossible to sell to the Government as a site for the new printing office, for \$250,000, a piece of land

entirely unsuited for the purpose. Mahone, through his "pard", Senator Cameron, the man who couldn't see any harm in speculating in silver while a bill affecting its value was pending in the Senate, set to work to prevent the site recommended by the committee being purchased by the present Congress. The scheme was well worked. Waiting until the closing rush of the session began, when members are glad to postpone anything, a resolution was offered to lay the whole matter aside until next December, and it was adopted. This is all right for Mahone, but it's rather tough on the more than two thousand men and women who sacrifice their health and endanger their lives in the old building. The question naturally arises: do these democratic Senators propose trying to help Mahone sell his ground to Uncle Sam through the democratic Congress? I cannot believe it.

Mr. Harrison now has a whack at the Direct tax bill that Mr. Cleveland vetoed, the Senate having agreed to the House amendment. It is safe to-day that he will not follow the example of Mr. Cleveland in that respect.

A bill allowing an annual pension of \$2,500 to the widow of Admiral Porter is also in Mr. Harrison's hands.

Once more U. S. Treasurer Huston has resigned, and this time it is for keeps. He refuses to be interviewed, but his close personal friends do not hesitate to say that it is Mr. Huston's intention to return to Indiana and put in the biggest lick in his political blacksmith shop against Mr. Benjamin Harrison, who, by refusing to make him Secretary of the Treasury, furnished the last straw which broke the camel's back, which had been for some time strained to its utmost because of social slights. Mr. Harrison figures now on counteracting Mr. Huston's opposition by the support of Mr. J. A. Lemcke, ex-State Treasurer of Indiana (a Gresham man) who will be his successor as Treasurer.

Senator-elect Kyle, of South Dakota, is a daily visitor at the Capitol. He says that on questions of tariff and finance he will act with the democrats; but that does not prevent the republicans trying to win him over by attentions and "taffy." Time only will tell what sort of a man he is.

Senator Hearst, after a long illness, died Saturday night.

A Robber Robbed.
POCAHONTAS, March 3.—Saturday Nogrady Bela broke open a trunk belonging to John Kerek and robbed it of \$260 and escaped. Soon after the theft was discovered a crowd of Hungarians started in pursuit, but Bela had a good start and nothing was heard of him till Sunday morning.

A freight train was coming into the Flat Top yard about four miles from here, when one of the crew noticed a man hanging to a tree. Upon investigation it was found to be Bela. Some one had strangled him and then hung him by the strap he wore around his waist, having first robbed him of everything he had. There is no clue as to who did the deed.

BOONE, ROBERTSON, SEVIER

How the First Settlement Beyond the Alleghanies Was Made

Prof. James Roberts Gilmore gave the first of a series of lectures at the Peabody Institute last night. Prof. Gilmore is widely known by his pen name of 'Edmund Kirke,' under which many of his early novels were written, the most popular being his tale of Southern life "Among the Pines." He is the author of a large number of other works and is now engaged in editing a national encyclopedia of American biography.

Prof. Gilmore's subject for his first lecture was "The First Settlement Beyond the Alleghanies." He said in part: "Daniel Boone had visited this region as early as 1760, but he was by no means the first explorer, nor was he in any sense, as he is so often styled, the founder of Kentucky. At first he was a mere hunter, then the agent of a company of land speculators. But he had the good fortune to be the first to set in motion the stream of Western colonization, and so his name has become indissolubly connected with Western history.

"To Boone this virgin country was a new world, and he told wonderful stories of its resources when he returned from his hunting trips to his home on the banks of the Yadkin. But his tales fell on incredulous ears. If he failed to arouse a passion for immigration among the farmers, he did excite a spirit of speculation among the wealthier classes, which led to the formation of a company to buy from the Indians all the land lying between the Ohio, the Kentucky and the Cumberland rivers. The news of this intended exploration induced the farmers of the Yadkin district to depute one of their number, James Robertson, to accompany Boone on his third visit in 1763.

"To Robertson, and not to Boone, should be accorded the honor of having been the pioneer of Western civilization. Robertson was not long in deciding upon a right location for a settlement, and while Boone and his companions went on to Kentucky, he remained behind to make preparations for the coming colony. In the following spring he led sixteen families, numbering, all told, eighty souls, to the beautiful valley he had discovered. Trees were felled, and in a surprisingly short time all the families were domiciled in comfortable abodes. The settlement bore no striking resemblance to a modern New England village, but civilized man was there. He had come to stay, and had brought all possibilities of civilization with him. And the men were a manly race—a grand race of men who had their homes in their saddles and their libraries in the crowns of their hats. No better material could have been brought together to hew out a pathway for civilization through a savage wilderness.

"Among these earnest wor-

kers were Evan Shelby and John Sevier. Robertson continued to be the nominal head of the new settlement, but the moment Sevier set foot on the Watauga he became the soul and moving spirit of the infant commonwealth. Shelby was a born diplomatist, but Sevier was soldier, diplomatist and soldier combined. On these three men hangs the whole early history of the Southwest. When the battle of Lexington and Concord were fought the shot which was heard around the world echoed in that secluded valley of the Watauga. As it sounded through those grand old woods every backwoodsman sprang to his feet, grasped his rifle and asked to be enrolled for the defense of his country. Under John Sevier they began a career for which, I think, there is no parallel in the history of our country. His military genius made him a turning-point in the most critical period of our nation's history."—*Baltimore Sun.*

A True Hero Is Plumb.

The face of Preston B. Plumb, of Kansas, not handsome at best, is pitted by small pox. Said a man the other day who knows him: "Each of these small pox pits on Plumb's face is a medal of honor. In the early days of Kansas Emperoria was a booming town and Mr. Plumb was an impecunious printer. He gathered money enough together, however, to start a little weekly newspaper in the town and was doing fairly well with it and almost paid up his debts. There ran a rumor through the new town one day that a stranger tramp had been suddenly smitten with small pox and that the epidemic was in danger of spreading. The rumor meant ruin to the embryo municipality, and so the friendless and stricken man was hurried out on the prairies, far from the city, and left there in a log cabin to do the best he could for himself. There was no one to care for him, and, of course, it was a wrestle with death. In his dingy, one room editorial and printing office, Preston B. Plumb heard the story. He closed the place, started out to the log house where the sick man lay, and for weeks nursed him and cared for him until he was saved from death. Then he lay down himself, stricken by the fell disease; but hearts had grown tenderer in that Kansas town and kindly hands ministered to him until he, too, was saved."—*[Kansas City Times.]*

A Dog's Memory.

The following story was told by the owner of an Irish water spaniel, the only dog who would perform tricks and was good to shoot over at the same time. His master was out walking with him at the beginning of the long frost in 1885, which set in about the middle of January. He went on a frozen milldam where the water was, of course, very deep, and accidentally let fall his snuff box through a small hole in the ice. The dog was dreadfully dis-

tressed at not being able to get it, but was obliged to go home with his owner, who thought no more about the matter. Two months afterwards, when the ice had gone, the dog passed by the same place. The dog paused opposite the place where the snuff box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a few minutes, bounced around considerably as if whetting his courage for a great feat of prowess then plunged in, dived to the bottom, and returned with the snuff box in his mouth.

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Do you see that lecherous, lying libertine, or that highly perfumed, grinning, sin stained soul prancing along the street? Do you know their true character? Do you know that they make no attempt at reform? Is there a place on earth where you meet such indecency on a common level? If so how much better are you than they? If one is known by the company one keeps, what kind of company do you keep? If a man commit a theft and you help to conceal the booty are you not an accomplice in crime? If likewise one commit an outrage against decent society and you conceal or help to conceal or protect such hur an things from the righteous indignation and chastisement of honor, chastity and veracity, are you not an accomplice in a crime so low and mean that a cur would blush to look upon?

I know my friendly reader that the above is strong language, but is it not true? I know it is rasping and "contemptuous" to some, but does it rasp you? Come, wake up ye drowsy, dreamy theorists; quit your theorizing about how to make the world better; come out into the sunshine of real active life; leave the dark and musty walls curtained by the cobwebs of sentimentalism; shake the society blood-sucking ticks off of your list of associates; drink in the pure air of self respect and by and by the impure, fermenting, fetid stuff in human form will slough off, and then we may all realize the benefits of organized and stringent efforts of respectable men and women to discourage wrong and help the right. Tuck.

The Republicans are not making much out of their late job of Senate packing, and Senator Hoar must wonder whether life is worth living. On the force bill Mr. Hoar got little help from the men he had worked into the Senate. On the silver question the Senators from the new States divided. On the McKinley bill one of the South Dakota Senators voted against his party. The other voted with his party and has been defeated for re-election and succeeded by a low tariff man if not a free trader. The two North Dakota Senators voted for the bill and one of them has been beaten by a low tariff man. The G. O. P. is not getting much reinforcement out of the new States.

—*National Democrat.*